NUM. CLXII.

The GUARDIAN.

Proprium hoc esse prudentiæ, conciliare sibi animos hominum & ad usus suos adjungere. Cicer.

Wednesday, September 16, 1713.

I Was the other Day in Company at my Lady *Lizard*'s, when there came in among us her Cousin *Tom*, who is one of those Country Squires that set up for plain honest Gentlemen who speak their Minds. *Tom* is in short a lively impudent Clown, and has Wit enough to have made him a pleasant Companion, had it been polished and rectified by good Manners. *Tom* had not been a Quarter of an Hour with us, before he set every one in the Company a Blushing, by some blunt Question, or unlucky Observation. He asked the *Sparkler* if her Wit had yet got her a Husband; and told her eldest Sister she looked a little Wan under the Eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if she did not design to lead Apes in the other World. The good Lady *Lizard*, who suffers more than her Daughters on such an occasion, desired her Cosin *Thomas* with a Smile, not to be so severe on his Relations; to which the Booby replied, with a rude Country Laugh, if I be not mistaken Aunt, you were a Mother at Fifteen, and why do you expect that your Daughters should be Maids till Five and twenty? I endeavoured to divert the Discourse, when without taking Notice of what I said, Mr. *Ironside*, says he, you fill my Cousins Heads with your fine Notions as you call them, can you teach them to make a Pudding? I must confess he put me out of Countenance with his Rustick Raillery, so that I made some Excuse, and left the Room.

This Fellow's Behaviour made me reflect on the Usefulness of Complaisance, to make all Conversation agreeable. This, tho' in itself it be scarce reckoned in the number of Moral Virtues, is that which gives a Lustre to every Talent a Man can be possest of. It was *Plato*'s Advice to an unpolish'd Writer, that he should Sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every Man of Learning, who would not appear in the World a mere Scholar or Philosopher, to make himself Master of the Social Virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaisance renders a Superior amiable, an Equal agreeable, and an Inferior acceptable. It smooths Distinction, sweetens Conversation, and makes every one in the Company pleased with himself. It produces Good-nature and mutual Benevolence, encourages the Timorous, soothes the Turbulent, humanises the Fierce, and distinguishes a Society of Civilised Persons from a Confusion of Savages. In a word, Complaisance is a Virtue that blends all Orders of Men together in a Friendly Intercourse of Words and Actions, and is suited to that Equality in Human Nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the Order and OEconomy of the World.

If we could look into the secret Anguish and Affliction of every Man's Heart, we should often find, that more of it arises from little imaginary Distresses, such

(Price Two Pence.)